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Theoretically, residence is pat-
591 rilocal, yet there are several instances in which it is matrilocal. Theoretically too, the brothers of the family form the powerful or secure in-group and live around a common dance place as a lineage complex. Actually, brothers who cannot get along amicably will scatter. For example, Manilani of Dikimpe, as the eldest brother, lived on his lineage dance place in New Dikimpe, the second brother lived on the dance place of Old Dikimpe; the third had moved to the offspring hamlet of Dikimpe called Maiyemmang; and their two half brothers, by the same father but a different mother, lived at opposite ends of their mother's village of Atimelang. This example is not important in itself, but it does illustrate nicely the flexibility of residence that exists in practice. It can of course be balanced by several instances in which brothers follow the traditional pattern. Expediency and interpersonal relationships outweigh theory and dictate arrangements.

428 Expediency and the industry of the child also determine the inheritance of land; a child is usually given a garden plot as soon as he is old enough to work productively. Both men and women own fields inherited from their fathers or mothers.

● 242 Dry rice is in all probability the oldest staple of the area, but at present maize has replaced it as the daily food and rice is reserved largely for feasts. There is a local belief that "rice makes you fat and corn
[427] makes you strong." A fat body is the criterion of health. In addition to rice and corn there is a large range of other foods, including millet, beans, sweet potatoes, cassava, taro, and a wide variety of tubers. Fruits include oranges, mangoes, papayas, breadfruit, jack fruit, and many kinds of bananas.

462 Theoretically, women are responsible for the cultivation and collec-
[463] tion of all vegetable foods, and theory is reinforced by giving them ownership of all plant produce, regardless of the land and labor men may have invested in its production. Men, on the other hand, control
436 the financial system and the three currencies through which it operates—pigs, gongs, and metal kettledrums called moko. Arrows too are used for money but only as small change. The monetary value of pigs
435 is highly inflated in relation to their consumption value. Their flesh is
262 rarely eaten except at feasts, in order that their value may be added to the interminable and complex monetary accounting that is basic to ceremonial procedure. In fact, should a pig be killed accidentally, a ceremonial feast of one sort or another is improvised to justify its consumption.

436 Of the three currencies, mokos are undoubtedly the coin of the realm. They range through unequal steps from the value of one rupiah

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(50 cents) to that of 200 rupiahs ($1.00).* Pigs are usually estimated in terms of moka values. Thus a pig (ivi) is called a Piki Ai, meaning it is worth a Piki moka, or in East Indian currency, about 5 rupiahs ($2.50).

Currency is invested in three primary directions: first, the purchase of a wife, which is not a single negotiation but a series of extremely complex familial exchanges that last as long as the marriage itself; second, a series of burial feasts that may drag on for a generation or two before the series is completed; third, the building of the lineage houses, entailing financial elaborations that may take several years and delay the completion of the dwelling far beyond the actual building time.

There are many kinds of smaller investments in which flesh food such as pigs and goats is used, most frequently chicken coffee. Such cockeys are made as sacrifices on several occasions: when the village guardian spirit (alomat) is stored and drugged into the carving erected for it; when any one of a whole host of personal familiars is placated;

* These moka are shaped like hourglasses. Actually, moka is not the Alorese word but the more widely used Malay term. The moka are not of local manufacture; they were formerly imported from Java by Mohammedan traders who exchanged them for goods. Since importation of the drums stopped half a century ago, the supply is no longer adequate and their value is rising. A government census taken some twenty years ago reported the presence of twenty thousand moka throughout the island.

The moka have assigned to each of the various categories of moka a value in rupiahs, the monetary unit of the Netherlands East Indies. For readers who may be interested in estimating the worth of the moka named in this book, a list of the categories and their assigned values is given here. Rupiahs were maintained at the same exchange rate as Holland guilders (florins). The currency values when given in dollars have been translated at the rate of two rupiahs to a dollar. Monetary values for moka became established in the early 1900's, when money was about twice as cheap as it was in 1938. Therefore, to get the cash price of a moka in 1938 it would be necessary to halve the listed worth.

Moka	*Rupiahs*	*Dollars*	*Moka*	*Rupiahs*	*Dollars*
Lasingmole	1	.50	Kolmole	13	6.50
Bekiku	2	1.00	Piwemole	15	7.50
Pemole	2 1/2	1.25	Yekuning	23	11.50
Kokoli	3	1.50	Fekawe	30	15.00
Piki	5	2.50	Aimole	65	32.50
Tawaimone	5	2.50	Afolpe	70	35.00
Hikbiel	6	3.00	Mahmur	150 and up	
Tawamole	8	4.00	Djawe	300 and up	
Manlapmole	10	5.00	Ikkin	1000 and up	

This list is incomplete, and from the Kolmole on, the values are only approximate. There are many subdivisions of these higher bracket categories and considerable variation in prices given by informants. The sequence of relative values, however, is constant.

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772 rons with the eldest male of the founding lineage of the village, but the
782 whole community usually unites. There may be two guardian spirits in a village, one at the head and one at the tail of the community.

789 Witchcraft, poisoning, magical curses, oaths, and ordeals are all present in Atimelang religion, but are underdeveloped or uncommon.

777 Sacred hearths of various types (*ure fala, ure ara, mami ara, fa ara, kaya ara*) belong to lineages and are kept in the lineage house where it
423 exists. They are simply four pieces of wood like those that form the
783 frame of the ordinary household hearths. The sacred hearths should be
789 fed once a year. At feed is offered the hearth, the lineage ancestors, in so far as they are known, are named. The sacrifices are usually made in February or March when the new corn crop is about to be harvested. The owner of the hearth should abstain from a varying series of foods prior to the sacrifice.

794 At this season when the hearths are being fed, there are also four minor village ceremonies whose general function is to ensure plentiful crops. They are given in the course of two months, February and March, and are in order of performance: Hapuina (spit on it), Yanik (water power), Bol (strike), and Ading (also called Kuya, both of which are untranslatable). Responsibilities for certain duties in these ceremonies descend in the male line.

[p.48] 789 Connected with some of these ceremonies and with the feeding of certain hearths are quiet, or taboo (*ol*), periods, during which vigorous work, shouting, and quarreling may not take place. Any breach requires a gift to the owner of the ceremony by way of atonement. Usually these taboo periods last only one day but the most important of them lasts four days and comes at the end of the dry season just before the men of the Five Villages set out for the one communal hunt of the year. During the
328 hunt, which is primarily for wild pig, large grass fires are set. Men stay at special hunting camps on the edge of uncultivated grasslands while the women remain quietly at leisure in the home village.

764 There are also more or less elaborate garden sacrifices to the souls of
782 former cultivators of the site. If the site is a new one, sacrifices are made to the *ginaiar kool*, which has been disturbed. The number and size of the sacrifices depend on whether the garden (*ati*) is a small one frequently used and planted to corn, or a large field (*piaing*) at some distance from the village and usually reserved for rice.

765 Death feasts, although largely financial and closely allied with prestige, may also be considered part of the religious ritual, since their ultimate objective is to dismiss the souls of the dead from the vicinity of the village. During the first ten days after death a series of obligations

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of the less desirable portions of the animal to roast on the spot. Rat hunting, in which a group of boys under grown men, is another source of food. The rats are often roasted in the fields where they are caught, and the children are given the bellies, entrails, and other less desirable parts. It is noteworthy that there is no institutionalized recognition of a boy's first success in hunting, as there is among many peoples. If a boy is praised at all for his successes, it is only because an indulgent adult happens to take notice of them. In any event, the procuring of the day's food is an precarious and inconsistent as the administering of discipline. Furthermore, the food secured is of the less choice kind, a factor which may, in conjunction with many other attitudes, help to produce in the child a feeling of being undervalued. It is certainly not without significance that in an autobiography like Makinde's, where he frequently stresses the good treatment he received as a child, good treatment means being given food. It indicates that feeding is not something a child expects as a matter of course.

There is a slightly different adjustment for girls. Their play period is neither so long nor so free. They are more closely attached to their mothers and have more demands made upon them in terms of their adult role as providers for the family. Weaving baskets, sewing pandanus mats, and making bark cloth are additional skills deliberately taught girls at this time by their mothers. I know only one woman, an orphan, who did not know how to make baskets. Interestingly enough, many boys also pick up these skills to a minor degree, but without deliberate instruction.

Girls frequently go out to the fields to work with their mothers or with companions. Also, women are responsible for harvesting and preparing food. By the time a little girl is nine or ten years old, she can cook for the ordinary family meals. She therefore has more regular access to food. I know of no instances in which little girls were guilty of pilfering from gardens, although accusations to this effect were sometimes leveled at them. Such charges, on the other hand, gave rise to frequent if minor frictions with boys. This does not mean, of course, that adult women do not steal, but one might expect a higher frequency of thefts by men than by women. Out of twenty-four theft anecdotes twenty-one apply to men. In the autobiographies there are eighteen identifiable cases of theft; sixteen of these were reported by the men.

Although a girl has more regular access to food she does not have the guest privileges of the small boy. She gets no presents during butchering unless an unusually indulgent and thoughtful male kin happens to remember her and give her a bit of meat. The meat at feasts is always

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[554-577] pole. Malewa gave his brother-in-law a broken gong as part of his bride-price but received no dowry in return. Malewa sat on the verandah before his brother-in-law's house dunning for it. He said, "My brother-in-law Malleni, why don't you give me a dowry?" Malleni, who was angry at this persistent dunning, said, "Wah! I don't give you a dowry! That fellow down there is one who can be looked through as far as the Kanong district. He is transparent to the Mating sun." [N] This was a very insulting speech, its implication being that Malewa was a poor man of no substance and nobility.

Malewa then went to complain to a powerful elder kinsman called Mangora, who visited Malleni and in a pleasing fashion asked him, "Why are you like this?" Malleni suavely elaborated his previous insult by saying, "The one down there on my verandah is like clove-cut snow, he is a flowing seed. Perhaps you are going to cry!" This enraged Mangora, who then collected a group of his and Malewa's kinsmen. There were five in all.

They armed themselves and stood on their dance place to throw challenges. "Hih, hih, my friend Malleni! We shall reckon wealth." They hung their gongs on the racks and beat them with the sharp, rapid strokes which signal anger or catastrophe. They brought all the weapons down from their houses. The five kinsmen began to slay their pigs [565] and the pigs of all their kinsmen, thereby making them accomplices with their allies in the declared wealth feast. Then they set out for Lakawati, where they also had relatives, and returned carrying three pigs. On the ridge above their village they beat gongs and Malewa shouted toward Malleni's dance place, "I bought your sister. I gave you a bride-price, and you promised me a dowry. When I came to collect it, you insulted me. (He repeated the insult verbatim.) Then I quarreled with you, but it was you who threw a spear into your sister's carrying basket. You were richer than I, that is true. But you failed to pay my dowry, and now we shall see who is richer." As they came down the ridge they met a party of Malleni's allies, who had also been out collecting animals. The two groups fought with bamboo throwing-spears and stones. No one was hurt, but a snake carried by the Lakawati allies of Mangora and Malewa was broken by a stone and had to be repaid by Mangora and Malewa with interest.

This type of challenge and encounter, in the course of collecting animals for slaughter, went on for several days. "A man would eat a [562-602] whole pig by himself. We were sick of meat. Everyone who was a kinsman of one side or the other had his pigs killed. The more distantly related kin of both groups of contestants tried to stay neutral by con-

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lutka, and Kahilitaka had five dead, one of whom was a woman. Of the casualties only three occurred in open fight, the others were through ambush and treachery. It should be stressed, however, that the use of the word treachery in English gives the act a derogatory quality that the Alorese do not recognize.

The termination of this last war came with the death of the Fle woman. Dikinaya people took the initiative in paying for her murder. Since the score was five to five at this point settlement could be arranged honorably by go-betweens, and thirty dollars in cowries and gongs kept the Fle people from joining the war. At about this time also the Dutch were insisting upon the suppression of head-hunting. However, some twenty years later the Kawai and Atimelang people were still suspicious of each other and there were very few contacts between the villages, although they were only about an hour-and-a-half's walking distance apart.

The fact that bereaved kin are not necessarily the ones who take direct vengeance does not mean that they are absolved from responsibility, characteristically, that responsibility is financial. They must buy a head to match the one lost by a relative. Actually a head itself is not always necessary. Tokens for a person killed or wounded but not decapitated are acceptable. In such transactions there are six sellers and six buyers. The sellers (*wawa*) are the persons who watch process at the death and who ultimately creep on the head. The buyers (*kawawama*) consist of specific kin, such as a brother, and the first five Male Houses of the deceased. The prices for heads naturally vary. The maximum expenditure I have recorded amounts to approximately one hundred and twelve dollars in gongs, cowries, weapons, and pigs.

The ceremonial accompaniments of such transactions are eighty and seventy in execution, as are all ceremonial procedures in Atimelang. The sellers of a head bring it to their village in a basket filled with ashes. The basket is hung in a bamboo thicket and ignored until the payoff, which may be years later. The first two killers are under a rice taboo for *all* days. They may eat only corn served them in the inner woven compartment of an *areca* basket that is kept covered with a serving basket. The eaters take a handful and rapidly cover the container again. This is to prevent the ghost of the dead man from consuming the food and making his slayers particularly susceptible to revenge. On the sixth day the buyers make a rice *roll* with a head and limbs. The chief seller shoots this food effigy and may thereafter eat rice. The sellers then give the chief buyer bananas, pigs, and chickens which are cooked and eaten on the spot by the five other buyers. That

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852 727 [illegible] 727 [illegible] 447 744 in the closest lineal kin of the murdered man receive from the others gifts of which he does not partake, whereas the more distant blood kinsmen may not freely eat of the food. This parallels the procedure in death feasts, at which close kin of the dead refuse food. After this lifting of taboos, payments are in order, but, as in the payoff of death feast obligations, they may not be made for many years. This preliminary procedure is simply a token of an obligation undertaken. In 1938 and 1939 there were still such outstanding obligations awaiting settlement, although no death had been taken for at least twenty years.

727 784 If an enemy kills a man but does not have a chance to decapitate him, the local village of the victim itself decapitates him, puts the head in an ash-filled basket, and hangs it in a bamboo thicket or on a recently built platform. Before putting it aside, however, the six potential buyers of revenge shoot arrows into the head of their kinsman and urge him dead to go out and find six others, that is, six avengers. The head is "fed" every few days and whenever it smells food it is supposed to cry. This ensures the kin that the head is still there and that it has not been stolen by an enemy for resale.

727 852 In all this system of revenge the head is actually of minimal importance. One can sell the fact of a death without producing the head. On the other hand, any head will do if a lineal kin wishes to buy one and make an honorific (i.e., financial) settlement for a death. In such a case, a stolen head will do as well as any other.

727 852 At the payoff for the head the sellers must first be appeased, and, as in all financial settlements of this sort, there are hours and hours of haggling, of derogations, of threatened withdrawals, and of extravagant chicanery. When claims of the various ranks of creditors have been met, the climax of the ceremony is to bring the head onto the dance place. Since the real head has usually long since disintegrated or been lost, a cowrie shell or a stone wrapped in coconut fiber can be substituted. The bundle is woven into a closed coconut-leaf container like those made for cooking raw rice and is lashed to the end of a pole. A volunteer, who is paid a small fee, stands with the pole and its bundle on the village boundary. He calls the buyers to come fetch the sellers and the bundle. The buyers and their female kin assemble in full regalia in front of the head bundle and begin "dancing" it into the village.

235 852 727 The dance is a vigorous challenge dance resembling the gestures used by men in debate. This dancing of an object into the village is also used for house posts, valuable mokos, spirit-bird bundles, and any prized objects. The sellers follow this procession. Once on the dance

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mouth instead of giving food may just possibly be considered fantasies connecting on infantile feeding experiences.

GOOD BEINGS

The motif of revivification by spilling food on a corpse is poorly developed in these speculations by Kilpalis. It is, however, one of the most persistent myth motifs, especially in myths dealing with Good Beings (*tapis kang*; literally, something good). They inhabit villages above in the sky or below in the sea. There seems to be no relation between their place of residence and the abodes of the dead. Around these beings are woven the most numerous and elaborate myths and they are an ever-present reality. The murder of the rajah in 1918 was precipitated by his followers' disrespectful treatment of a woman who had established herself in the minds of her fellow villagers as a Good Being.

In 1929 Malelaka had the Five Villages at a high pitch of excitement over his predictions of the imminent arrival of these supernaturals. In one day two small guesthouses were erected, an area was cleared and fenced, and in addition two stone basins were made into which would flow upon the arrival of the Good Beings two miraculous streams. In one the old could bathe and be rejuvenated, in the other, people would be healed of their illnesses. Death would disappear and death fears were to be discontinued. Meanwhile people were to abstain from such foods as eels, crayfish, crabs, and fish. For some six recent prophets on whom there is material these ideas remain fairly constant. The interesting thing about the ideas are the fantasies they express—the desires to escape death, illness, and death fears. The conflicts that this last prophecy aroused in Malelaka are reflected in his autobiography, which was given at the time when his Good Being speculations were once more active.

That such wishful thinking was not limited to Malelaka and his fellow prophets is evinced by the cooperation they received in preparing for these supernaturals. People from many surrounding villages were sufficiently credulous to bring their sick to the expected advent. There was in fact so much excited interest that the government sent up the full garrison of troops to destroy the structures and arrest Malelaka. This interference plus the disastrous war of 1918 led to the growth of a good deal of scepticism, and the tentative Good Being talk current in 1938 and 1939 was meeting with much incredulity. The inclination to abandon what has been a failure seems to me a consistent part of the nonfanatical and realistic temperament of Atimelangers. They are far

[*kari*]. Manifoni came to doctor me and I felt better. He said, "Did I help you or not?" I said he had helped me. I told him about all the spirits I saw sitting around us. Manifoni was pleased and said he would get some for us to chew. But when he came back I was crazy again. Then Manifoni pulled the evil spirit [*kari*] out of my windpipe.

All the time I was sick, I didn't remember what I was saying. People wanted to bury me while I was still talking, but father would not let them. He told them to wait until my body started rotting. One night I was sleeping, and father was sleeping beside me to keep watch. I threw out my arm and began rubbing and pulling at my father's stomach. Father woke up. I was grasping around for my loincloth. Father said, "Oh, he is already better, he remembers his loincloth." He asked me if I wanted anything to eat, and I said I did, so they gave me some of the [sacrificial] rice that Pedawa had cooked to feed his lake spirit. After that I wasn't crazy any more.

When I was better but still staying in the house, I saw my guardian spirits [*tinang*] for the first time. There were many people [spirits] in the house, but I was the only one who saw them. They were wearing shields and carrying weapons. There were many of them and they were rushing back and forth in the house. These spirits were Lamma-Mahoma, Tolokong-Tolokiki, and Bikiloning-Kanglaning. [These represent three pairs of brothers.] At that time I stopped eating pork and bananas [a food taboo imposed by his guardian spirits]. These were the spirits I received from my ancestors. [3.5]

Now I eat pork and many bananas. I don't follow my guardian spirits any more. When they first came they said they would chase evil spirits [*kari*]. Their place is a tree in Alongkerka and one in Old Kavieta. I used to feed them [i.e., make sacrifices], but now I don't feed them there or in my house. They used to come often before I was married, but now they don't come any more. I haven't seen them much since I married. Now I have to call them with a gong. But I can still see evil spirits [*kari*] and ghosts [*hanuring*].

[Question.] I have cured five people and have been given a pig each time for it. [Very large payments.] If a person has been shot [supernaturally], I rub the place with stones and pull the thing out. I can't show what I extract. I have to hide it. I can extract pebbles [*hilay*] and poison, but I can't extract [supernatural] arrows.

November 29, 1938

Today I went to talk of my food taboos. When my grandfather died my father kept them, and when my father died I kept them. I cannot eat 263.

[135 young corn [meringue-stone], sugar cane, mangoes, or cucumbers.
264] This takes him for three months, and in the fourth month I eat them again. Before eating them I feed my keys hearth and place on it leaves of all these foods. After that I may eat. My father and eldest brother died about eighteen years ago, and ever since then I have kept this taboo. The keys hearth is so called because I keep these food taboos
[8 [58 before the Keys feast. In this feast fire is thrown at a tree, and good
264 crops for the coming year are requested. The keys are spirits of all
[74] kinds of foods. They come from Pelangkai [literally, "field land" or "top of the world," to the southeast in Batalolong]. These spirits stay in the sky. Here are Keyawe, Takwahalliki-Nalangmiy, Tingtim-Fanfam, and Kaflah-Kamare. When I feed the keys hearth I say, "Keyawe,
[74] Takwahalliki-Nalangmiy, Tingtim-Fanfam, Kaflah-Kamare, now let
[39] me eat my corn, cucumbers, squash, and mangoes and not be sick. May my thighs and my shoulders be strong. May I go running over large level places and long slopes and go straight through without stopping until sweet comes." [The rainy season is considered the season of illness.
[121 This sacrifice and supplication is made at the end of the rainy season so
75] that the sweetness and stillness may pass.]

[57 [At this point I tried to get him away from ethnography into per-
24] sonal anecdotes.] When I was still a child, a friend of mine, also called Mangwa, asked me to come to his garden and help him build a house. When it was finished I asked him to come to the house I had built in my garden and roast corn. My house was made of slender bamboo. The thatched roof had collapsed, but we hunted rats, roasted corn, and ate there anyhow. At the new corn feast my friend Mangwa invited me to come to fetch corn from his garden. The next day his mother cooked it for us. Then we went to my house to eat rats and corn. We said, "Now we can't play for a while, but when the corn work is finished, when it has been gathered and tied into bundles, we can play again." [Question.] This friend is dead now; he died after he married. When we grew up and married we didn't play together any more. We were no longer friends [in the sense of companions]. This friend, Mangwa, was also from Kariera.

[How his mother died?] My mother's body swelled up and she died. That was about seventeen years ago. It was the year after my father and brother both died. They all died because we didn't give our Bayorka feast [part of the Tila death feast for ancestors] rapidly enough. We built the altar and didn't feed it. Then the village of Kariera burned down. We built another bayorka altar but didn't feed it. Then three three people died. I was married at the time.

[69] I was hungry. Lwakubula asked who I was. Mumma said I was the son of Mukubula. Lwakubula said, "Oh, that is my grandchild; I must feed him." So he gave me a container. We came back, and Mumma again picked me up and carried me across the stream.

[70] [Why did you live so much with others?] My uncle asked me to come and take care of his little boy. [Repeated questions.] My father was always hitting me whenever anything disappeared or happened. [Question.] He also hit my brother Mukubula, but Mukubula stayed at home. Whenever my parents hit me my uncle would feel sorry for me and would come and ask me to stay with them. I never stayed long in one place, for our parents would ask me to come and then another.

[71] After I had been a short time with Mumma, he built a house at Palenbang, and we went there to live. Mumma and Kalang [his wife] had a fight. Mumma said, "Don't quarrel, or our child will surely run away." But Kalang said, "The child doesn't even love this. The quarrel is between us." Mumma used to take me hunting for rats, and we ate them together. For a year we were always together. One day my uncle Langmani shot rats and ordered me to fetch seven portions. He said I should sleep with him in Dikhanga. So I went to Langmani. I ran errands for him. I harvested his corn, dug cassava, fetched wood, and carried water for him. We hunted rats together. Everything he asked I did for him. One day we were hunting rats in a stone wall. My hands were cupped over the doorway and Langmani was prodding in it. One large rat ran right into my hands. That night when we went to the house Langmani told how I had caught a big rat. [Question.] In the house was Aberkuma and his two wives and three children, four counting me. Langmani was older than I. He was about fifteen then. I was about ten or twelve.

[Question.] When I went to stay with Langmani, Mumma called for me. He asked where I was because I had not come back that evening. Then Langmani answered that we had hunted rats, and it was dark, and I had better stay there that night. [Question.] Mumma was sorry for me. He was not angry because I went to stay with Langmani. Langmani was his family too. If I had stayed with other people he would have been angry, but I was staying with his mother and father. When Mumma called I wanted to go, but Aberkuma and Langmani said I had better stay with them because it was already dark.

Then I went to live with Pukkalatu. He gave me chuk [a sort of grain, sweet corn] and we hunted rats together. I followed him. When I wanted to go back to Langmani, he said, "No, stay where you have

Fekawa belonged to Mungwa's father. He owe cookes were a Hawa [F4] cake and a Kokwala. Mungwa hoped his father would see the Fekawa at the initial payment.] I said I wanted to see the Fekawa, so my father gave both the cows men. Then Mapuda and I went to Kudwai. We gave cows to the girl's grandfather, and then we went up into the house where the girl and her mother were. Her mother came up to me and put her arms around me, saying I was just like Imawa, the girl's first husband. The mother said she could give me a wife. The girl laughed too. The mother then offered me, not Kokwani, but her elder sister. So I said, "All right, they are both women." So the elder sister said, "Let us go down." But she was talking with her mouth and not with her heart. She ran away to another house, so we didn't sleep together. She probably didn't want to marry me. Her mother was cooking and saw that I didn't see which house, so she cooked hoong beans for me instead. I took a small spoon but her mother said, "Here is a large spoon. This small spoon won't fill your mouth." Then the girl's father said, "In three days bring a chicken and a loincloth." In three days I returned with them and with a necklace too. On the way home I gave the loincloth, Mapuda, a bow and arrows. When we came to the river I said, "You'd better take them. Perhaps a spear will wash me away." When I got home I told father what had happened, and he said, "It is the same whether women are old or young." When I went back the mother of the girl was sick. I stayed to help watch her. The father of the girl told her to take water up to her mother, but she said, "There is someone up there, and I don't want to go up." Her father said, "Don't talk like that. You must be sought after or you will be poor." He said to me, "I have another woman for you if this one does not want to marry. She will never be sick, she will be poor." After that I went home. Later I heard that her mother had died, so I didn't go back for a while. Meanwhile the father of Fungulani [his present wife] said he had a woman for me. He was Fungulani to me. Meanwhile the father of the girls in Kudwai sent a man down to me to say that the younger sister, Kokwani, would come to me since I had two cookes. But I said, "Those women were afraid of me." I told the man that their father could keep the presents I had given. I said I already had a wife in my house. [Questions.] The father of the girls was not angry, because my wife, Fungulani, was also a distant female relative of his.

December 14, 1938

Last night I dreamed that my sister Fainosa [who was living with him at the time] was making a fire in her garden. I asked her what she [39] [F7]

one in each corner of the room and one in the center. He did this for six days and we didn't get sick any more. The evil spirit didn't come.

[What did he remember from about Malanghai?] It was before Semani was born. I was about three. Indanghai was about twelve and Kapaipuda was about six or seven. We were living in Puarkaini at the time. Malanghai made a spirit bone carving and stood it in a tree. He said he was going to hunt meat to feed it. He got one small cassowary and roasted it. The heart he fed to the carving and the haunches [the best part] he gave me. That is what I remember.

When Kapaipuda had a bad ear, he didn't want to eat taro or tubers. He just wanted bananas [mother's food]. Then he said, "Father, there is much food, but this is all I want." So father went to Bakrabaung and cut a bunch of bananas. When I saw them, I cried because I wanted some too. Kapaipuda was angry and said, "Why do you want my bananas? I don't eat other foods." He was angry and hit me. I cried hard. Mother came and I told her that because I wanted just one banana, her child had hit me. Then mother was angry and said, "Why do you hit your youngest sibling? You are all my children. He is still small. You are the elder. You can eat them." She took two fruits and put them on top of the taro to cook and gave them to me.

Kapaipuda did not finish the bananas. He had finished one bunch but had eaten only two or three from another when he was very sick and didn't talk any more. He said, "Mother, I am cold." So mother [with whom Kilpuda was still sleeping at the age of six or seven] got me in bed[?] of her and took Kapaipuda in her arms. They didn't sleep until almost dawn. Then Kapaipuda began to groan [literally, "make a noise in his heart"]. After a while he stopped. Mother thought he was sleeping soundly and went off to sleep herself. When we awoke in the early morning, she put her hand on Kapaipuda. He was already cold, dead. Mother cried. Manilani heard her, came, and for Kapaipuda's death feast killed a large pig that mother was raising. He continued to stand there in the pen until father came down and gave him a small pig that we had in the house. Then mother came down and said, "It is also your child who died [i.e., his nephew]. Because he is under your jurisdiction [Manilani was chief at that time] and because you are his Male House, we shall have to pay you something if you stand there. Let us divine to discover whether the paternal or maternal ancestors are responsible for his death. If my kin are guilty we shall pay a fine to his father's kin. If his father's kin are guilty, we shall receive a fine." But they forgot to divine until after Malanghai died.

After my two brothers died there were just I and Semani. Then

b:Da Boks K-5 (1936-1939) 1944
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[illegible] to go out early in the morning to inspect the line of sweeps in their gardens, and then I would eat rice with his children. Kolabeen's wife would ask us all to go chop weeds in her yam field and then she would cook yams for us, and we would eat them there in the field.

May 6, 1939

Last night I dreamed until dawn and I was late coming here because I stopped to tell my wife and children what I dreamed. I dreamed there was a big earthquake. Trees, houses, and stones all fell until there was not one left standing. (The storm had stopped, but there had been a severe storm the preceding night, which, however, had done no damage.)

Toward dawn I dreamed that all the dead awoke and gathered at my dance pillar, carrying fighting clubs. They said, "You don't have to divide all your coco with us. That isn't good." But all the people divided their coco with the dead anyway. Each got a small bundle. Then the dead left, but they did not follow the usual path; they went by Old Dikinape and down into the ravine to the waterfall.

Then I had another dream. Someone said, "The women and children must not go anywhere." The world was shaking and about to turn over. It wanted to break apart. Every man held his wife by her hand, and every child held the hand of another child. We all sat quietly. All the people said, "Let everyone stay in his own house. Don't stay with each other." So every man went with his wife and children, and they sat either in their houses or on their verandahs. Everyone swept around their houses and threw all the stones far off. Then the dead came back and sat down on the dance place. They said, "This time we can't go empty-handed. Give us pigs or whatever you wish." So we all gave each person a piglet. Then they said, "Now that you have given us something, we can go, but hold hard to each other's hands, because the world is going to turn over." Then it was dawn and I awoke.

Last night also my wealth-bringing spirit came and talked to me, saying, "Plant acres and coconuts for every person, even the small children. Each person, large and small, must have his own acres and coconuts. People may no longer take acres and coconuts from others. They must fetch their own. People who take those of others must pay for them before eating. They must also pay for pigs and chickens before eating them. If we ask our male children for a pig or a snake, we must first pay a small pig or a small snake. Don't take people's eggs in vain [without pay]." [illegible] and what we should do, and he said, "If you take people's

b:Du Bois E-4 (1938-1939) 1944
GF1 Also GF5

threw it." We said, "You wanted to frighten us, so we had better throw this stone at you." Then she said, "You may take from my pile all the corn you want to eat, but you can't gather corn from these trees. My husband has already put a taboo on them. However, you may eat what you want now. I have gathered these to crack and sell at Libreville." So we went lower down the slope to hunt for corn. There the people had picked them all and put them in heaps. I said, "I am afraid of all these heaps. Maybe an evil spirit has made them." My friends said, "In that case we had better follow the ravine to Lemeng." We came to the top of a waterfall where there were some green trees. One of the Kalamakoni boys climbed them, cut all the treetops together, and began picking the corn. When I saw him doing this I was afraid that he might fall and we should all be accused, so I ran away. On the way home I picked a fern and ate it. When I arrived mother said, "Why are you eating this fern when we are harvesting rice? You mustn't do that." [Maleiska's parents had a harvest "taboo" that forbade eating ferns while the harvest was in progress, on pain of diminishing the crop.] She said, "Your rice is there in the pot. Take it to the village and eat." So I did. [p.2 24]

The rice was all threshed and stored in the guesthouse where we were staying. A girl was burning off her weeds near there. The guesthouse caught fire and all our rice was burned up. Mother and father said, "Our rice is all gone. You had better pay for it with this child. We shall take her with us and raise her." But her parents were unwilling. They said they would pay with rice for the rice. I said, "Grandfather, we had better return to our village."

[I went back at this point and asked how he happened to know that evil spirits' teeth were like bats' teeth. He said he had once seen an evil spirit, and told of the encounter.]

I was sharing a field with another man called Maleiska and his wife, Kaiska. We had nearly finished tying the corn into bundles. I said they should start off with a load and I would finish the corn I had at hand and then follow them. While we had been working there in the field, Ruulberka had come to roast corn. When I started back I saw that Ruulberka was at Pedebiki's field house. She was combing her hair. Over her forehead, where she was combing it, it was just wavy; over the ears, where she had not yet combed it, it was kinky. I then noticed that her mouth was pointed and that mosquitoes were flying in and out of her ears. I said, "Oh, that isn't Ruulberka. That is an evil spirit." When I drew my knife to kill her, she turned into a night bird and flew

[GF] here a time. I went to my house and spoke to Mahtaba and his wife about it. I said an evil spirit had almost got me.

[May 11, 1919

[I began the hour by asking for all he could remember about Ruathoka, the woman who turned into an evil spirit.]

Ruathoka was married to Pedawa. She ran away from him and came to our house to sleep. She said that we had to marry and that I could pay back her first husband's bride-price. I said, "Before you married that man, I offered you my sister [i.e., offered marriage]. Now you have married another man and I don't want you." She took off my bracelets and put them on her arms. She took off her necklace and hung it on my neck. I didn't give them to her, she took them.

When I was working on the corn in my garden, she followed me. She was possessed of an evil spirit, and I almost slept with her [thought to be a fatal act]. She left the field then and then I left. When I saw her again, she had become an evil spirit. She almost took off her loincloth. She was just about to take it off when I said, "Whether this is a human being or an evil spirit, I shall kill it." Then she turned into a small black bird and flew off. When she reached the forest, she turned into a night bird. When I got back I told the older people what had happened. "An evil spirit came to Ruathoka, and we almost slept together." The next [Ital] day as I was quietly chewing sugar cane, she came to me. I told her about the preceding day. She said, "Good, now you must pay my bride-price." But I said, "No, I don't want to. I am afraid of Inlgaiam." Later her brother Mangbo gave her a necklace and some soldiers [customary when a girl is marrying]. He brought her to my house, saying we must marry. I said, "I did not take off my bracelets and give them to her; she took them off herself. I did not take off her necklace, she took it off herself. We shall go so far as Likawaang to litigate. If the case is not judged fairly, we shall take the litigation to Kolebahi." Mangbo said, "If that is so, you need not take the litigation to Kolebahi." Then Ruathoka returned to her own house. Later she married into the village of Fangwai. When they shot the rajah in Fangwai [1918], she ran away and came down here. Within a year after her return both she and the child she had borne in Fangwai died.

Once I passed through Kayamaang. There was a woman there I did not know, and I asked her name. People said it was Fakangaating. She told me they were all going to Kaleta for a dance and that I was to have betel ready; she would bring areca and we should chew it

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mother and father went to the fields I cried a lot, and mother said, "Don't cry. By and by you will see your goats and homesite." Sometimes when I cried she would count my fingers. She would take my little finger and say, "This is your young cow. By and by I shall harvest it and we shall cook and eat it." She would then take my fourth finger and say, "This is your young bovine. By and by I shall harvest them and we shall kill and eat them." She would take my third finger and say, "This is your ox. By and by I shall kill it and you will eat it." She would take my index finger and say, "This is your sweet potato. By and by I shall dig it so that we can cook and eat it." She would take my thumb and say, "This is your mother. By and by I shall dig it and cook and cook. You will eat." [The informant repeated [some of] various acts that his mother caused in this kind of play.] Then she held my hand up to my eyelids and said, "Here, ear them," and I could believe I ear them.

Once someone was sick in Kariwa and Malinwai [his grandaughter] was going to cure him. I wanted to believe her, but she told me I could not. She said she would bring me back a piece of the chicken and the rice they gave her in payment, and I could eat them at home.

When I was still small, a woman gave birth to a child. The child had come down, but not the placenta. People called Malinwai to come. I and Alaina [his cousin] wanted to believe, but she said we were not women and we could not go. I turned back but Alaina went on, carrying her basket for her. When they reached the place, the placenta had already come down. People gave grandmother rice and a chicken. They brought them back home and we cooked and ate them.

One day people said that a woman was dead. They called grandmother. When she got there, the body was covered with a shroud. People were hewing gongs and killing pigs. I had gone with grandmother and Alaina. People shot and roasted a chicken for grandmother. When it was almost done, the dead woman threw back her shroud and sat up. She came back to life. Then grandmother said, "That woman must eat this liver, she must eat the liver of the pig [a delicacy]." [illegible] Grandmother and I ate the chicken. The next morning people gave us a big pig and a basket of rice. Grandmother took the pig home and raised it, but we ate the chicken.

May 16, 1939

[Yesterday I asked Malchiche to recall all conversion dreams he had heard and tell them today. He did not dream last night.]

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Gift Also Gift

[51] He was forming a night one, so I ran away. Then the hyaina lost the one who had been working with me. First I ran up to Wonkiong and then I doubled back down to my garden at Pokaphikiong. At the time I left the government camp the sky was clear and cloudless. By the time I reached Pokaphikiong the rain had gathered and was already over the large mango in Kalubai's field. Then a wind arose and the rain floated over to the eucalyptus tree of my field. My supernatural friend spoke to me, saying, "Now you must make a small house in the mango tree." So I ran home. I dragged two to and carried the other two, all in one day. [Was this a supernatural show of strength after running away from the hyaina, who was a little over half the size of the informant?] Then I set to work and made a house in the mango. Before it was finished I heard a noise like twelve gunshots in the direction of Mt. Loling. I thought the soldiers were fighting. But later when we asked the people from the vicinity, they said the noise came from our direction. My supernatural friend came and said, "I was dragging a rope around this island [as Kaumale and Alamale did when they invented death in the world]. Did you hear? The two ends of that rope are here. Fold them over and fasten them." Then my friend said, "You are now busy doing carvels; also your wife is pregnant and cannot cut thatch. So go do one day of carvels and then order other women to cut your thatch." This I did, and I killed a chicken for the women who cut thatch. I went to cut wands, and when I came back to the field house my friend said, "Your rice is in full ear. If you wish to feed dry wood [dead bis], go about with it." So I tied a pig and gave a death feast for my two mothers. Then my friend said, "Now you have made your house, but it is only the kitchen [a small outhouse]. Now you must make a big house. It must be finished in a day. [Malinkin then enumerated all the parts of the house that must be cut and covered in a day.] All this must be done in one day, but I must come here before you make it." So I told the elder people what my friend had said. The next day Tikpanin came and woke me at 1 daye. She said that all the people were building their new houses and that I should go look at them. I awoke and took three plates of tea seeds each and three plates of tobacco and gave them to the workers. I said, "Since you have started the house, the women had better cook." Then my supernatural friend came and said, "I told you to wait for me before making the house, but since they have started, gather up all the people and give them a few." I said, "What shall I order them to do?" He said, "Tell them, 'Now you can no longer eat crayfish, crabs, eels, fish, sea water,

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red corn, red rice, snake tubers, red tubers, green bananas, or foreign bananas.'" So I collected the people together and gave them this law. After that people went to the government and complained against me. 159X [262]

ANALYSIS BY ABRAM KARDINER

This man was about forty-five at the time his autobiography was taken. His life history is in every way typical. His childhood and adolescence were quite normal, and his parents seem to have been true to the cultural form in their treatment of him. He is not a very successful man, and his standing as a seer is questionable. Rilpada holds him in great contempt. His story itself is faulty in that many details needed to establish the continuity of his life are lacking.

Of particular interest in this man are his reactions to having his autobiography taken down. The ethnographer had evidently established a justified reputation for being quite a healer and a powerful person. Malelaka's attitude toward the interviews is unusual. He is eager for them and often comes early for his appointment. Before long he has a very decisive attitude toward the ethnographer. He feels that he can get something out of this situation, and his dreams reveal time and again his disappointment at what is happening. His sole motive is to play on the ethnographer's sympathies in one way or another in order to get her to give him something. Judging from his dreams, we would say that what he really wants is food without paying for it. From time to time he becomes exceedingly impatient with the situation when his wishes do not materialize. Furthermore, he wants to impress the ethnographer, and perhaps in some ways he regards her as a competitor, but indeed one for whom he has great respect. 159X 115 [233]

The greatest emphasis in Malelaka's story falls on his vocational activities, in connection with which he has some very interesting and revealing dreams. The story is short on the affective side, just like those of other Alorese, and is extremely poor in the description of his human relationships. Like other Alorese too, he tends to emphasize the infantile, and his current life is hardly touched upon. This may be the result of the way the situation was described to him in the initial interviews. Here the influence of the interpreter may be important. Very little mention is made of his wife and children. 159X

For the light that his autobiography casts upon this society, perhaps the most striking features are the story of his relations with women, the persistent manner in which wealth-status is associated with mating,

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159 had caught the rat he would get the hindquarters and I the forequarters. We ate them and divided the belly. Senmani said the sweet potatoes were rice baskets and tubers [i.e., the two vegetable foods taken by men on their communal pig hunt]. We made believe there was a feast. There was a pointed stone like an altar stone, and we took the heart of the rat, mixed it with sweet potato, and fed the stone. Senmani said the tail of the rat was the hunter's share, which must be taken home to feed the women. So we pretended to give it to our two wives, but we ate it ourselves.

[At this point there was a half-hour's interruption, during which we looked at some cloth brought up for sale by coastal men. Fantan tried to get me to buy him a piece of cloth that he admired. He made ridiculously low bids on it and was refused. Then he returned to his story.] Thus we played until I was bigger and began to have thoughts. One day I was working in my garden and Senata called me to say that his bow had been broken by Manipada. I was angry and went to help him. I hit Manipada. Senata picked up a stone and pounded Manipada on the head with it. He was wounded and went to Manifani, the former chief of Dikimpe. We each had to pay Manipada a fine of ten cents. Another time a group of us were playing a ring game. Rilpada was angry with me and called me a redhead. Padalani, Lonata's son, helped me. He called Rilpada "Peppercorn hair." The two fought. Padalani and I had to pay a fine of a large corn bundle apiece, and Padalani had an extra fine of twenty cents.

By the time I was fourteen or fifteen I was working hard in the gardens and helping my father. By then I had thoughts. I went to Kalabahi, where I guarded Jacob's coconut garden for a year. Then I came back here to Atimelang and went to school for two and a half years. Now I have been married four and a half years. [Question.] I married after school was finished. Also before I married, I went to Pantar [an adjacent island] for six months. I followed the native schoolteacher there. He was good and asked me to come with him. In six months I returned. [Why?] I was not happy. I remembered my father and mother and came back. There was a schoolteacher there who hit us. There was no boat. Finally I got in one and when it was well offshore, I stood up and said I would return in seven days. When I got back to Atimelang a woman wanted to marry me, but I didn't want her. She followed me down to Kalabahi. When I got there, there was no boat, so I returned to Atimelang. When I got back, another woman wanted to marry me. Both of them asked for me. The first was Matingma of Ka-

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[Long pause. Again he said that he had forgotten much. I suggested that he listen to the thoughts that traveled through his head.]

When I was still small my hair was reddish. Falanata was staying with us. When we fought she called me redhead. I answered by calling her Faleata. [Play on the name of Falanata; *faleata* is the name of a wild plant used as food.] She called me Fankai [a dog's name, a play on his name, Fantan]. We fought; she was bigger than I and clamped her hand over my mouth and hit me. [Pause.]

One time when I was about twelve years old, my father took me to Kelaisi. We went because Atakalieta had come to ask for a pig. When we delivered the pig, he killed a chicken for us and we ate it, but the two legs we saved for a very old woman, grandmother of my mother, called Koleti. We took them to her in Kaminwati. She cooked rice and fed us. She gave us a bunch of bananas and a full basket of areca nuts. We went back to Kelaisi and slept there overnight, and the next day we came home here to Atimelang.

When I was that old I could not go to Makangfokung because if I went there I would die. [He paused to make me ask why.] My father and uncle had begotten many boys there, but they all died. Only the girls lived. Kaloi, the spirit of our lineage house, had killed them; it said that all the male children belonged to it. My two brothers had already died, so my mother and father thought I would die too. Father went to Kelaisi to buy a medicine. He paid a piece of cloth and a moko for it. When he brought it home he killed a pig, a big one, to feed the medicine. After that father could go to Makangfokung, and when I was older I could too. Father went to Makangfokung, put the medicine on a stone, and threw the stone in the house. Then a snake rose halfway from the ground. My father placed some of the medicine on a little stone and held it in front of the snake, and the snake died. Father didn't hit it; it just died. After he had this medicine father could kill the evil spirits that lived in trees and other places. He could burn off spirit abodes, and everything would dry up there. The trees would die and dry up, and with them all the taboo strings. [Fantan had had several "taboo strings" extracted from under his sternum that year.] Manifula is a spirit abode. I placed the medicine there and burned it over. I went up and there were many dead snakes. [How long since you have cut this garden at Manifula? He spoke as though it were in the present.] I haven't cut that place in about six years. It was while father was still alive. He died less than a year after I cut the Manifula garden.

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and we wanted each other. At that time I was separated from my wife, Tilamau. If Tilamau had divorced me I would have married that woman. There was a heavy rain and I was sitting in my house. This woman came and saw me sleeping. She woke me up and said she had just cooked some food. I said, "I am sleeping now. Tomorrow." The woman said, "No, we must go to my house and sleep." She left. Then she came again to borrow fire. Her mother called. I didn't want to go, but her mother kept calling insistently, so I went. Her mother had cooked sweet potatoes and corn, so we ate. The woman opened a sleeping mat and told me to sleep, but I said I had to go back to the house before sleeping. I left and didn't sleep there. [Angry?] No, she was not angry with me. Then the next morning I sharpened my knife to go cut weeds, and so did this woman. I went to cut weeds and two women from Kuyamasang called and asked who was cutting the field. I said that I was. The women said I couldn't, but my two elder cousins said I was their younger brother and I could. There was a quarrel. All Makangfokung sided with me. Then the three of us cut the field on a profit-sharing basis—I, Maliemai, and Lonkamo. This girl had a garden adjoining mine. She asked me to eat with her, so I went. Each day when I went to work in the garden she followed me and cooked for me in her garden. I worked five or six days and then got sore hands and had to stop. When I stopped she went to another garden to work. When I sharpened my knife she took her pots and came to cook, just as though she were really my wife.

I planted one and a half cans [seven gallons] of corn in that field. When it was ripe I didn't guard it, so the birds and rats ate a lot of it. We got one hundred and fifty bundles, sixty of large ears and ninety of small ones. They made five tins [twenty gallons] of large kernels plus three tins of small kernels, three tins of a poor grade, and four tins of black corn to feed the pigs. [What did you do with it? In answer he repeated again all this reckoning.] Part of my share I used for my mother's death feasts. [Fantan then gave the names of all the various female cousins to whom he gave corn, but he gave none to his wife or his parents-in-law. I asked if this was customary. He said it was customary to give to one's female kin and not to affinal kin. This is not true.]

We divided the corn and were carrying it in. When I was carrying it in, this girl came and asked me to eat. She offered me a cucumber, but I did not want it; so she offered me areca to chew. We stood talking. She said I should go litigate and get my bride-price back and then carry the gongs and mokos to her parents. She said we should exchange to-

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159 wife is poor. She has nothing. Tilapada's wives give her something." So
857 Kolang gave Matinglang some areca she had in her basket. Then Kol-
pada I said, "If you get rats, give them to your wives." So I caught a
[262] grasshopper [which children roast and eat] and I gave it to her. Kol-
pada I said, "I don't eat rats, so give this to your second wife." Then
Matinglang said, "You are a man who knows how to catch rats. If you
get any, give them to my wife." The next time I caught a grasshopper
I gave it to Matinglang, who gave it to her wife.

[The informant had to be stopped at this point. The behavior in this account was patterned closely on adult behavior between the sexes.]

December 21, 1938

159 I dreamed that Lopada called twelve people to come to her garden to cut weeds for a wage of ten cents. I went too. Fuipada said she was going to pick red peppers first, so I said I would join her. We didn't pick them one by one but broke off a whole plant. People called us to come. We answered that we had broken off a whole pepper plant and were coming. Lopada asked how many were working and I answered twelve. Lopada invited us to eat. After eating we worked until sundown and then went home. We passed a jack-fruit tree and I climbed it to get a fruit. Helanglang said she wanted one too, so I picked one for her. Helanglang's corn was ripe. She said she was going to look at it, so I left her and went on home. When I reached my verandah I awoke.

159 [Picking red peppers?] This means someone will get a cough. [Who
787 will cough?] I'll probably be the one, since I dreamed of it. [Climbing the jack-fruit tree?] That means that I shall get meat. A party of men have gone off to hunt pigs and they will probably get some. [Ripe corn?] This means someone will die, someone belonging to Helanglang. [People working?] This means that rats will eat up Lopada's corn.

159 I dreamed that the mother and the father of the nonya came here. All the people took gongs and mokos and went out to meet them. The gongs made no noise. I could not hear their voices. Maima said, "Give me my dress comb." I took my dance anklets and carried them in my hands. We did not dance at the foot of the hill; instead the nonya's parents came here to this house. All the people went to carry cement to build a house here; everyone hunted wood, bamboo, and stones. A new cement floor was made near the kitchen building. Many people came from the government camp carrying cement. The cement craftsman came and said to me, "When I was here before, you gave me

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mother was angry with father. She quarreled with him, saying, "Why did you hit your only female child?" At that time Maliema was not yet born. Mother was pregnant with her.

After my father had shot a pig, he promised to go hunting five days with some men. They shot one pig. Half of its hindquarters was set aside for the women; it was taboo [*si*]. The men could not eat it. Father gave it to mother and said to feed the hunting dogs some of the meat. Mother did not want to. She said there were too many children to feed. Father was angry and said, "That is a good dog and he must get a share of the hunt." Mother and father quarreled. Finally mother said she would not eat any of the meat. She gave me my piece, and I went out to meet my friends but ate the meat before I joined them.

Once father went to Dikimpe to get the souls of my grandparents in order to give a death feast for them. I cried to go along, so father took me and gave me a small pig to carry. After we fed the souls there, we brought them back and gave a feast for them here.

Another time father took a pig as a dowry to Karieta. I went along and carried father's areca basket. At Fiyaipe we rested. Motlaka gave us a small pig and invited us to enter the house. Later he gave us a broken gong. [She went into the details of the dowry payment.]

[She was asked to speak of her emotions.] Once father went to weed. I cried because I wanted to go with him. Father was angry and said the field to which he was going was very steep and I would fall. He chased me with a stick, so I ran back and sat on the verandah. The next day father set out again to weed. I cried to go, and father said I might go with him because he was going to a level field. He took his dog and the dog caught a rat. Father gave it to me to put in my carrying basket. Later mother came, so I gave her the rat. She cooked it and gave me some. It began raining and I had no raincape, so father said I was to sit on his back under his raincape as he squatted at his weeding. I sat on his back under the raincape as he squatted weeding.

The next day father went again to the steep garden to weed. I cried to go. He said I would fall; nevertheless he took me along and set me on a small spot of level ground while the others went down the slope to weed.

[How old when your father died?] I was about thirteen or fourteen when father died. I had already gone to live with my husband, but I had not slept with him. However, Likma and I were roughhousing together [a frequent preliminary to intercourse in Atimelang]. Father died during a good year. He had helped to cultivate a large garden, but

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159 much concerned about it, and wanted to know the details from the interpreter. She could not tolerate any other woman's edging in on what she thought was for the time being her exclusive prerogative. On this occasion she narrated a dream she had had the previous night. In the dream she wants to cut some bananas from a tree. Then she observes feces near the bananas. She says to an older female companion (undoubtedly the ethnographer), "Oh, we wanted to eat these, but someone has defecated near them." She then asks her husband to cut bananas from another tree. He does so, but she is still dissatisfied. Her husband says, ". . . save them. I shall hunt and see if I can find a dog to eat with them."

She evidently fears that someone may interfere with her position with the ethnographer. This position is represented by an eating symbol, a banana. But bananas are commonly regarded as children's food. We cannot account for the particular representation of the interference, feces. From Alorese folklore, however, we learn that feces in place of food is the commonest representation of maternal frustrations. See the story on page 58, and also the autobiography of Kolangkalieta.) Kolmani becomes vindictive and starts putting her husband through his paces to satisfy her whim. Her husband here, especially in her constant bullying of him, is clearly shown in the role of a buffer against her deep sense of frustration. The ethnographer is undoubtedly the idealized, powerful mother, whose support is threatened by interference from another woman.

In several of Kolmani's dreams in which she appears helpless, there is always somewhere a note of, ". . . but I can strike back." In other words, she is a deeply insecure person, but one who has developed a sufficient number of aggressive defenses to act as counterbalances. With this autobiography contrast Lomani's, where the collapse of the ego is complete, or Kolangkalieta's, where the defeat is masked by an assumed imperturbability.

If we contrast Kolmani with Tilapada, we must note the absence of masculine fantasies in Kolmani. In Tilapada the masculine attitude was fostered by two trends cooperating, one based on her grievances against her mother, the other on a strong attachment to her brother, whom she wished to emulate. In Kolmani the grievances were spread over a series of guardians, while her mother, with her supernatural powers, became the idealized protector. Kolmani early identified herself with her mother and evidently has continued to do so all her life.

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The inconsistent and restrictive quality of discipline which pervades the child's life might well be expected to breed in it a sense of insecurity and suspicious distrust. It has at its disposal only one weapon with which to meet frustration and that is rage. The alternative idea of being good in order to gain one's ends is not presented to the child. But that rage is an ineffectual weapon is learned at very latest during the first decade of life.

While the child is discovering the futility of protest, he is also discovering his own resources. He may expect his mother to prepare a morning meal at about seven o'clock and another at about the same time in the evening. During the intervening twelve hours he learns to forage for himself. He learns this from five or six onward in the fluid play groups of free roving children. Remnants may be scraped from the cooking pot. A variety of insects usually spurned by adults can be found. In the fields near the village are mangoes, bananas, sweet potatoes, young corn, and squash. They can be eaten raw or easily cooked. As a rule adults do not object to the minor depredations of their own children or their playmates, but if the raiding is too constant or if the crop is scarce, children may be scolded for it. Such objections are most apt to be voiced when children are reaching the age at which their labor might be expected and is not forthcoming. There are several anecdotes of reproaches on this score, and in one instance a mother and half-grown son came to blows over the matter. But an additional factor in adult objections to children using garden crops too freely is that it may actually disrupt friendships between age-mates. Mangma, in his autobiography, gives several such anecdotes, one of which is quoted below.

> Manimale said, "Let us go to the fields to dig sweet potatoes." My mother and father were away and I was hungry. For a month we played together going every day to dig sweet potatoes. But his mother was angry because we went to her garden to dig them. So after that first day we always went to my garden to dig them. Then my potatoes were finished. I was angry because we always went to my garden. I said to him, "You have lots of potatoes but we only went once to your garden and your mother was angry. Now you have many and you can't come to dig mine any more." I splashed water on him. Manimale said we would not play together any more.

Parental objections also pave the way for the thieving in which play groups of boys frequently indulge. The whole system of feeding reinforces one of the marked intracultural tensions centering on theft and fear of theft.

During this preadolescent play period boys may get occasional meals as guests. When an adult man visits a house in which a woman is at home, it is customary to set a calabash of food before him and any little boys who are about are invited to join him. Little boys very soon learn to attach themselves to any man who seems to be setting out on a "business" trip and in this way undoubtedly learn a great deal of the role expected of them as adults. Hunger is a motivation which leads to the acquisition of adult male skills. Little girls are not fed on these occasions, except rarely when they pick up a bit of food on the side while it is being prepared. There are still other sources of food available to small boys. During feasts those who help with the butchering are given the entrails or other less desirable bits of the pig to roast on the spot. Rat hunting, in which several boys assist a grown man or two, is another

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415
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RICE CONES FURNISHED BY THE HOST IN A HOUSE BUILDING FEAST

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482
415
291
342
431

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE WIFE'S FAMILY IN A DOWRY FEAST

[Facing p. 276]

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531
372
262
252
516

BROILING ENTRAILS, A SMALL BOY'S REWARD FOR ASSISTANCE IN BUTCHERING.
THE MEAT FOR THE FEAST IS BEING BOILED IN THE POT

142
415
557
291

A LITTLE GIRL LEARNS HER ADULT TASK AS WATER CARRIER

[Facing p.277]

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ance that throughout Indonesia is the concept of man's creation from molded clay. In Atimelang this widespread motif is altered so that man is created from molded rice and corn meal; that is, man is made from food.

Also food, rather than native currencies, is generally considered adequate pay for labor. The guest-workers who help cultivate a large rice field, who assist in erecting a lineage house who attend memorial funeral ceremonies, or who participate in similar ceremonial activities are all fed in return for their participation. When cooperative groups are formed for work in fields, the host of the day must furnish the midday meal.

There are other attitudes toward food which are perhaps less dramatic and institutionalized, but just as telling. If women are pounding rice or corn, any kernel which falls from the mortar is carefully picked up. Children of five or six have already absorbed this attitude and are as meticulous as the adults of both sexes. A single bean left in a pod during shelling will be retrieved by children as well as adults. In clearing ground even isolated food plants will be carefully preserved. The meticulous fashion in which all food articles are saved and used does not coincide with any actual scarcity.

The natives also refer frequently to the annual "hungry period." This is the end of the dry season when there is no actual want but only less of the preferred foods. For a month or two natives depend more on cassava and sweet potatoes than on corn. Yet the culture phrases this as a period of food stress. In addition there were references to periods of famine as though they were an ever present threat. Careful inquiry revealed only two periods of shortage within the memories of people between forty and fifty. Both of these were due to factors which had disorganized the community so that for one season the fields had not been as extensively planted and as carefully weeded as is customary. There is no doubt that food, especially of the preferred sort, was scarce on these two occasions, but it was procurable by purchase in nearby communities and there is no evidence that anyone died of hunger. There is, in fact, no indication that hunger is ever necessary if a proper amount of foresight and industry has been exercised. Perhaps one of the best indications that the concern over food scarcity is of psychological origin and not realistic is that there is no land hunger. No one ever expresses poverty or wealth in terms of land, although there is actually great variation between consumption units in the number and fertility of fields owned. This is so despite a strong preoccupation with wealth as status in the culture. Data on the yield of the fields indicate that crops are good and on the whole adequate not only to feed the consumption units but also to provide surpluses for contributions to feasts.

In addition there is a singular agricultural fiction in Alor. This concerns the so-called "good years" and "rat years" which come in alternate seasons. Theory has it that there is no use planting rice fields or any outlying plots during "rat years" because rodents will eat up the crop before it can be harvested. In the "good years" there are supposed to be fewer rats and there is a chance to lay in surpluses for large feasts. The theory of alternating years of rat plagues has no basis in reality. Essentially the idea is a fiction that every other year you are the helpless victim of depredations on your food supply. As one might expect, there are

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457 Such a division can be made only where money is not the medium for securing the necessities of life as it is in the West. Of course the question immediately arises, "If the people of Atimelang do not buy food and clothing, if they pay no rent, what do they do with their currencies?" There are three main outlets. First, they pay off the obligations of parents' death feasts in order to placate and honor the ghosts. Second, they participate in the building of lineage houses. Third and most important of all, they buy wives. Formerly they also bought human heads as "spouses" for murdered kin, but certainly no heads have been taken in Alor for some twenty years and murder now brings retribution from the Netherlands government.

436 These transactions might seem straightforward and simple enough, but actually they are far from being so. Currencies, wherever they are used, seem to give rise to strange complexities of manipulation. Part of the complexity lies in the very nature of the currencies themselves. For example, pigs might seem at first blush to be primarily consumption goods, yet actually they do not so function in Alor nor are they so considered. Flesh is rarely eaten and only in connection with feast payments. A pig which dies or is killed accidentally leads immediately to giving a feast since it is unthinkable that a pig could be eaten casually. In fact, one way of forcing a man into giving feasts is to kill his pigs.

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Mokos, or metal kettledrums, are the second and chief currency standard into which the other currencies may be translated. The mokos themselves are not identical and their values do not run in a decimal series, although the counting system does. There is always latitude for disagreement on the exact value of a particular moko and particularly in equating pigs of varying sizes with mokos of varying types. Fantan may offer a pig worth a five-dollar moko in his estimation, but Maliseni, who is receiving the pig, will equate it with a moko worth only four dollars. The matter must then be arbitrated, usually stormily. Here we have the clue to masculine labor and why it can be so time-consuming. Lastly, a word about gongs. They are highly prized in themselves as musical instruments and are therefore not so fluid a currency as pigs and mokos. Only when the gongs are broken or worn out do they become a common medium of exchange.

Essentially the Alorese currency system rests on interest and credit. Mokos and gongs are not of local manufacture. They were imported from Java by Makassarese traders who brought them to the coast, where they were exchanged for

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